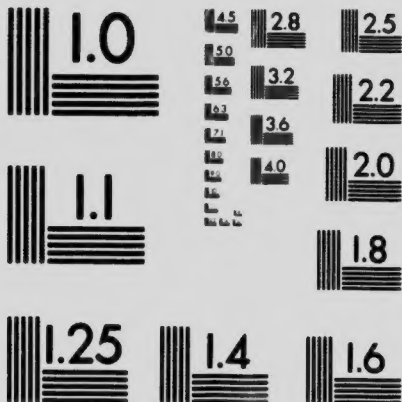
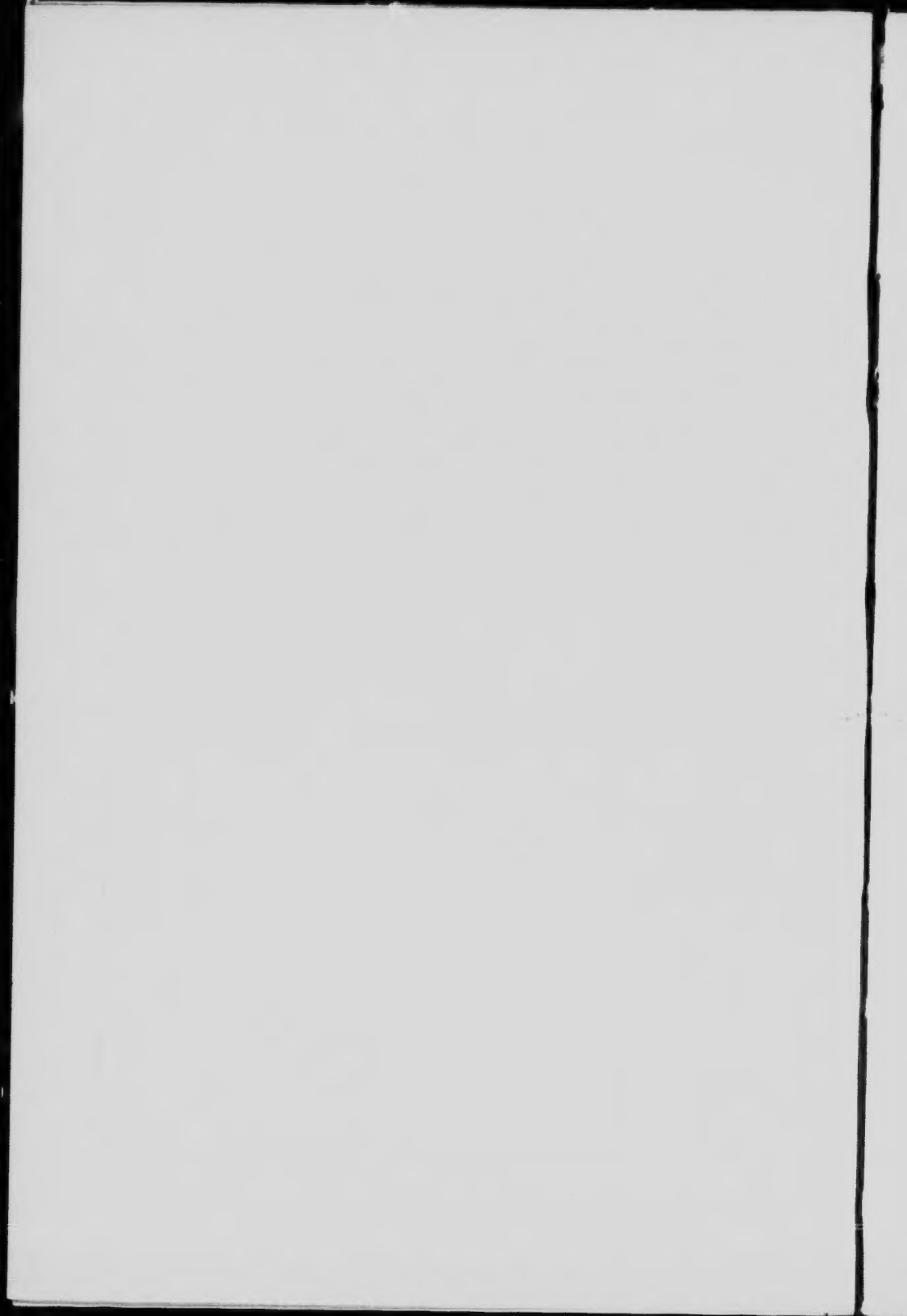




MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)







THE BEN GREET SHAKESPEARE
FOR YOUNG READERS AND AMATEUR PLAYERS



CALIBAN

"Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster"

The Ben Greet
Shakespeare
For Young Readers
and Amateur Players
The *Ed*
Tempest



Toronto
The Hussion Book Company
Limited

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INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES, INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN

MAY 22 1974

A FEW GENERAL RULES OR CUSTOMS OF ACTING

THE letters *R* and *L* indicate the position of players on the stage facing the audience. *R* 1, *L* 1 are the entrances nearest the front. *Go up* means from the audience; *go down* is toward the audience. *R C* is the right side of the centre, — and so forth.

When the characters enter, the person speaking generally comes second.

Do not huddle together; do not stand in lines; and do not get in such angles that you cannot be seen by the sides of an audience.

Stand still — keep the leg nearest the audience back, gesticulate seldom and with the hand farthest from the audience. Do not point to your chest or heart when you say *I*, *my* and *mine*, nor to your neighbor when saying *thou*, *thy*, and *thine*, unless absolutely necessary.

Try to reverse the usual acting of the present day and eliminate the personal pronoun

as far as possible (Shakespeare does it all the time). Occasionally the pointing gesture is necessary — but seldom.

Do not try to say more than six words, or at most eight, in one breath. Careful punctuation and accent are harmonious and necessary. Whatever you do, sound the last two or three words of the line or sentence: dropping the voice is the worst fault of our best actors. Do not speak to your audience or at your audience, but with your fellow actors, remembering, of course, that you have invisible listeners, and that the last man in the house wants to hear and see.

Do not imitate our star actors. Try to be natural, spontaneous, and original. At the same time, keep control of yourself and your emotions. To appear to be, and not really to be the character you are acting, is, perhaps, the perfection of the art.

Don't fidget your hands and feet — forget them, and let them be where the good Lord has placed them.

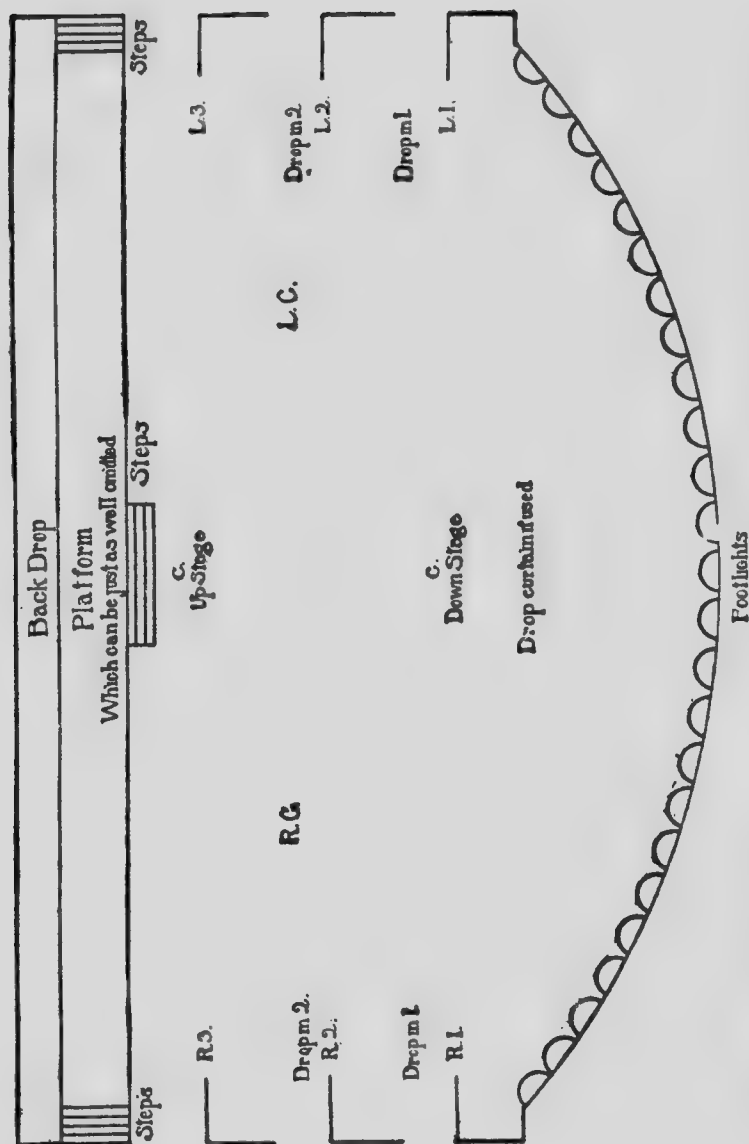
These few hints will be useful for all plays. I shall give more intimate notes as we go along.

The diagrams show the positions, entrances, etc.

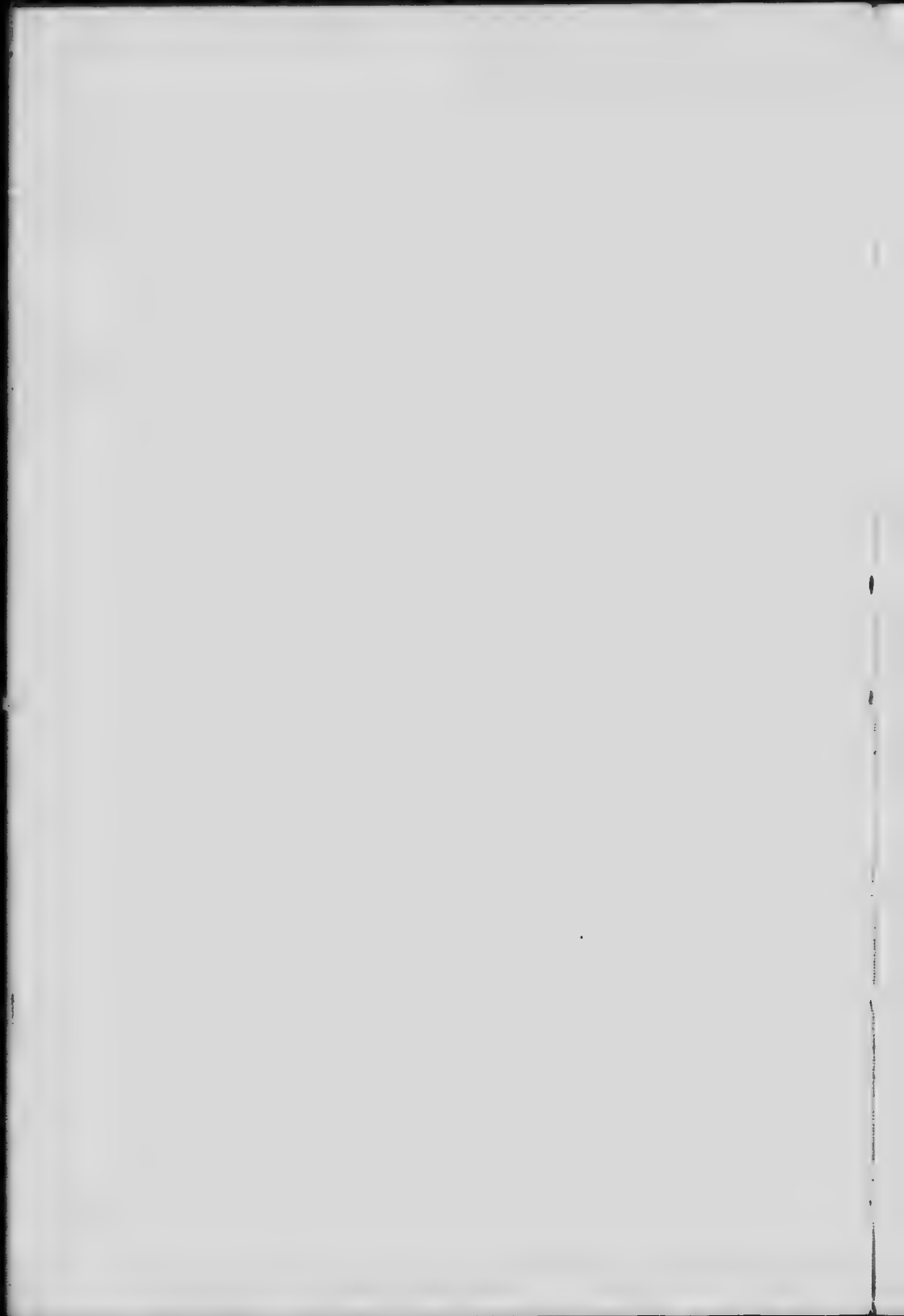
The plays are cut to the length of an ordinary performance. Lines can be restored or further cut, if desirable, always remembering that a play given on what we will always call the Shakespeare stage should be given more rapidly, with no pauses between scenes or between entrances and exits, and with possibly only one intermission (of perhaps five minutes), as near as possible halfway through; and most of the plays can be acted in their entirety in about three hours, some of them in much less time — one or two of them take much more. If we cannot quite reduce ours to the happy medium of two hours, we must get as near it as possible. It is better to send your friends away wanting more, than to have them go home yawning! This is a word to the wise.

As to stage setting, it can be done in lots of ways: with scenery, or with screens, or curtains, or in the open air. Strange as it may appear, the plays of Shakespeare are equally effective whichever way we may choose to give them. I imagine most good plays will bear that test.

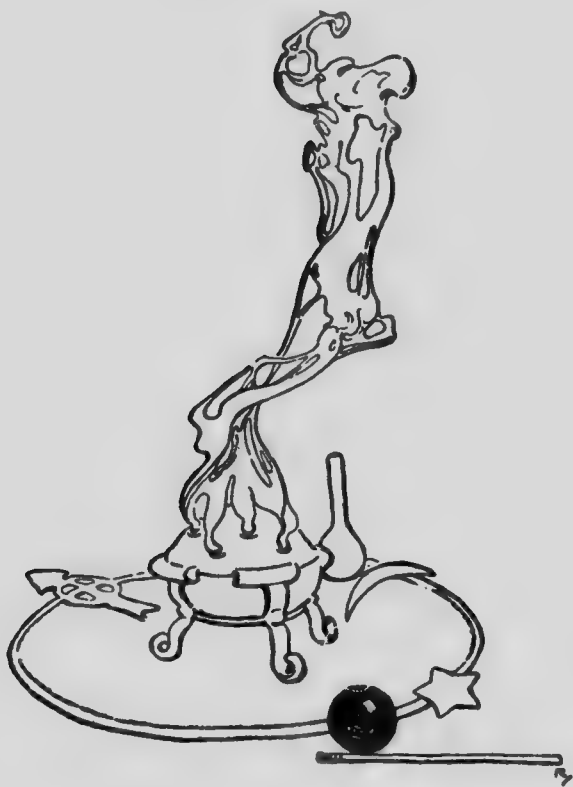
Remember that Shakespeare is the most perfect English. Do not imitate some of those professors, especially teachers of what is called Elocution and Expression, if by any chance they happen to pronounce it in up-to-date American or cockney British, or tell you it was conceived in any other brogue, accent, or pronunciation than the purest of pure English. There are a few mistakes in his plays, and some printer's errors, about which volumes have been written. Study the humanity, the heart, the English of Shakespeare, as of the Bible — those two wonderful Books of the same generation — the one splendidly revised and perfected by many scholars, the other produced in a state of nature and yet almost perfect — study them, my young friends, inwardly digest your Bible and outwardly demonstrate your Shakespeare: you will then start in life pretty well equipped.



The space between the footlights and drop or folding curtain can be reduced to any dimension.

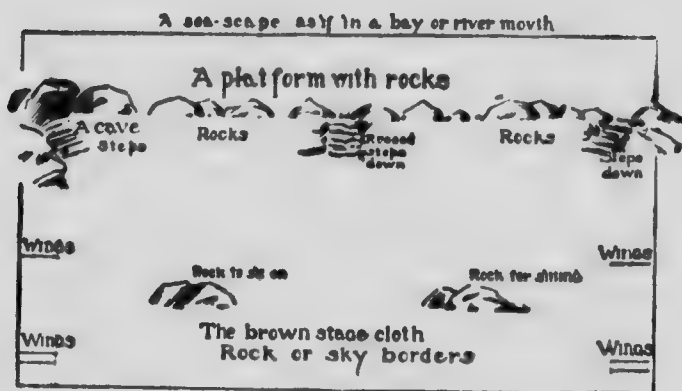


THE TEMPEST



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, <i>King of Naples.</i>	<i>Master of a Ship</i>
SEBASTIAN, <i>his brother.</i>	<i>Boatswain.</i>
PROSPERO, <i>the right Duke of Milan.</i>	<i>Mariners.</i>
ANTONIO, <i>his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan</i>	MIRANDA, <i>daughter to Prospero.</i>
FERDINAND, <i>son to the King of Naples.</i>	ARIEL, <i>an airy Spirit.</i>
GONZALO, <i>an honest old Counsellor</i>	IRIS,
ADRIAN, }	CERES,
FRANCISCO, } <i>Lords</i>	JUNO, }
CALIBAN, <i>a savage and deformed Slave.</i>	Nymph. } <i>presented by Spirits.</i>
TRINCULO, <i>a Jester.</i>	Reapers, }
STEPHANO, <i>a drunken Butler.</i>	<i>Other Spirits attending on Prospero</i>
☞ Means "pause."	



The scene for this play need not be changed. A sea-scape as if in a bay or river. It should be very beautiful. Rocks, the cave, the sand, and the sea, all in an exquisite colour scheme.

The platform stage is most suited to this play, produced either elaborately or simply.

If desirable there can be several drops for some of the scenes, to make a change.

If "Elizabethan," the same setting as for other plays. The canopy will be the cave, and the other scenes would be played in front.

The Tempest is raging one minute before opening; thunder, some lightning, and some rain. The first scene can be shouted on a dark stage. Don't attempt to represent a wreck; but about half the dialogue can be spoken. This would be left to director's discretion.

ACT I

SCENE I. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA on platform.

Prospero is seen during the storm waving his wand. Miranda runs on from L to her father.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you
have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.

O, I have suffered

With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,

Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart. Poor souls, they
perish'd.

Pros. No more amazement. Tell your pite-
ous heart

There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm. (*Goes down stage to R.*)



Prospero

¹*Helps with cloak near cave up R.*

²*Miranda sits on rock R R end.*

THE TEMPEST

I have done nothing but care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

[They go down to R seat.]

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,¹
And pluck my *mdgic* garment from me. So:

[Lays down his mantle near cave up R.]
Lie there, my *art*. Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

Pros. C. The direful spectacle of the wrack
which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry which thou saw'st
sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.²

¹*Prospero sits on rock R L end.*

²*Miranda says this with sudden thought. It is a strange reply. She makes no mention of a mother.*

THE TEMPEST

Mir. (on rock R). You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay: not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive.¹ Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or
person?

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. (puzzled; thinks). 'T is far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants.² Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and A
prince of power; and thou his only heir.

Mir. (still sitting). What foul play had we,
that we came from thence?

¹Prospero rises and goes up and down stage in great agitation. Miranda remains seated, deep in thought; these conspiracies are a new experience for her, and this is the day when her destiny is determined; the father has long awaited it.

²Prospero comes to seat and stands over her and tells her this in an almost humorous tone.



Miranda

THE TEMPEST

Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. (embracing him). O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
father.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio —

I pray thee, mark me¹ — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. (looking up). Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.*² He being thus lorded, needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royal-
ties

He thinks me now incapable; confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi' th' King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

¹*This very seriously, he comes right down to her and at back of rock.*

²*Miranda is going to rise. Prospero holds her down to seat and speaks with great energy.*

Note.— This scene must be acted with great spirit on the part of both actors, as it is rather long and descriptive. Prospero is a curiously "elocutionary" part, almost unlike any other part in Shakespeare. It is the Poet's swan-song, and contains some of the most wonderful thoughts and expressions emanating from the mind of man.

³*Miranda can no longer resist and flings herself in her father's arms.*

THE TEMPEST

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd — alas, poor Milan!
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.*¹ (*in horror*). O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and th' event;
then tell me

If this might be a brother.²

Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my *brother*: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurri'd thence
Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.*³ (*rising*). Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cri'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again:

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon 's.

¹Prospero goes up to the back of the stage (Miranda remains R). He points out to the sea.

²Prospero looks up to heaven, ☾, then takes Miranda's face and kisses it.

THE TEMPEST

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me,
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they pre-
par'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,¹
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To th' winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. (*goes up to him C*). Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. (*embracing*). O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me.

Mir. How came we ashore?

*Pros.*² By Providence divine. ☺
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness,

¹*It is important to accent the I. It does not mean that he gets up; but that his star is now in the ascendant. His enemies are bowed to the dust; he will arise in power. This is an important point to note.*

²*Miranda helps him put on the robe and hands him the wand. He takes her across stage to L.*

³*Prospero here stands out as a king.*

⁴*He points upward with wand, to his star. There is so much personal and intimate reference all through this wonderful play: one can almost touch the Poet in his study at New Place, with his insight into the moving wheel of time, which swings backward and forward at the magic touch of his pen.*

THE TEMPEST

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might
But èver sèe that màn!

*Pros.*¹ Now *I* arisè:
[*Puts on his robe.*]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than òther prìncess càn that hàve more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

*Mir.*² Heavens thank you for 't! And now,
I pray you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

*Pros.*³ (*puts her to L*). Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star⁴, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions:

Music. There are very few directions about music in Shakespeare's plays, but they always seem to appear exactly at the right minute. It is therefore left to your discretion to use it moderately. This spell of Prospero's seems a suitable place for a few soft bars, on the harp preferably.

¹The entrance of Ariel should be as much like flying as possible. The sex is indefinite, but at no time is Ariel called a she: so please let the appearance be "ethereal."

A suggestion for colour, a bluish-gray soft skirt well below the knees (not hemmed or trimmed); the appearance of bare arms, ankles and feet; hair wild and reddish; a soft scarf carried denotes invisibility. It is a creature of the air and sea, not the earth. The voice is quite human, the dominating note being joy.

THE TEMPEST

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose. ☾
[*Miranda sleeps, waves hand over her: she sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

[*Holding hands aloft as Ariel comes from the sky.*

Enter ARIEL¹ *on the platform from R.*

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

[*Comes down steps C.*

Pros. L C. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article. (C)
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.

Pros. (laughing). My brave spirit!

¹*Ariel glides about the stage, describing the scenes. When he refers to Ferdinand he makes significant motion toward Miranda.*

²*Going up stage pointing off at sea.*

Note.— The king's ship can be painted on the back cloth, but it is not a good plan to have movable things painted on scenes.



Ariel

THE TEMPEST

*Ari.*¹ All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring — then like reeds, not
hair,—

Was the first man that leap'd;

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before:

The king's son have I landed by himself;

Pros. (laughing.) The mariners say how thou
hast dispos'd

And all the rest o' th' fleet.

*Ari.*² (*joyfully*). Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship: and for the rest o' th' fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge

¹*Prospero going up to back looking off L.*

Note.— Ariel, the Spirit of Liberty, guiding the discoverers of this new land is a significant point in the study of this play in America. It is supposed the land discovered was Bermuda; but although the sea fogs prevalent there are mentioned in the text, it is quite evident the discoverers pressed farther west, and the coast of America is more likely indicated. The James River was discovered in 1607; the date of the Tempest is 1611-13, and our Dramatist was a close friend with all the voyagers. It seems a long voyage, but Columbus had discovered the Western coast long before.

²*Prospero is only frightening the little spirit. He should always be represented with a keen sense of humour and the enjoyment of power.*

THE TEMPEST

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

What is the time o' th' day?

Ari. (looking up). Past the mid season.

Pros.¹ L C. At least two glasses. The time
'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. (down R). Is there more toil? Since
thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. (coming down C). How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. (coming to R C). My liberty.

Pros. C. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. (kneels R C.) I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
serv'd

Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pros. (threateningly). Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. (terrified R C). No.

Pros.² Hast thou forgot

¹*Prospero proposes to rent an oak; Sycorax
only rent a pine.*

THE TEMPEST

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast.

Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
Into a cloven pine; it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. (*kissing his gown*). I thank thee,
aster.

*Pros.*¹ If thòu mòre mùrmur'st, Ì will rènd
an oàk

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. (*rising to R C*). Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. C. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. (*flying about*). That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

¹*There may be music again at Miranda's awakening.*

There is the music of Henry Bishop, also of Arthur Sullivan, and there are several old settings of the middle seventeenth century, as the play was immensely popular at Davenant's Theatre and was given with music like Macbeth, and in our time, like "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

I suggest harp strains, as the music evidently came from the air or the sea; there were no court musicians around.

²*Miranda rubs her eyes to show she is human.*

THE TEMPEST

Pros. C. Go make thyself like a nymph o'
th' sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[Exit Ariel R.]

Awake,¹ dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake! ☾ *She wakes.*

*Mir.*² The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. C. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. (*shrinking L C*). 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on. (*And going up on bank
looking off L*).

Pros. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (*Within R.*) There's wood enough
within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other busi-
ness for thee:

¹*Ariel's costume should look like seaweeds and flowers; strips of coloured ribbon gauze, etc., with a flowing grayish gauze over head.*

²*Prospero signifies he wants Ferdinand brought to the cell. Ariel signifies delight at the fun!*

³*Miranda, as if to protect Prospero, comes down.*

⁴*Caliban crouches at the mouth of the cave R.*

Most people disagree as to Caliban, some being so broad minded as to pity him. It is quite evident from every line in Shakespeare that he is the incarnation of all that is bad. His one redeeming feature is his unconscious grotesqueness. A suggestion for the costume is a very dark dull green, with painted scales hardly distinguishable; a kilt of weeds and hair to the knees; large covered shoes almost like hoofs; shaggy black hair almost to hide the face and neck; the face a grayish-green, red eyes, large mouth; gray gloves with wool or hair and painted fins from the glove to the elbow; legs and arms stuffed with wool, to look crooked.

THE TEMPEST

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL¹ like a water-nymph from R.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.²

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit L 2.

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself
Up on thy wicked dam, come forth!³

Enter CALIBAN from cave R.

*Cal.*⁴ As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. (coming to rock R). I must eat my
dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
first,

¹*Make this very demonstrative grovelling.*

²*Here he grunts and remains immovable; shrieks with imagined blows like a coward.*

³*These lines are spoken by Miranda.*

⁴*Caliban here grovels and pukes and slobbers like a big baby rolling over on the ground.*

THE TEMPEST

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me,
wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
thee.¹ (*Grovels.*)

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile:

Curs'd be I that did so!

All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on
you! (*Spits at Prospero.*)

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you
sty me²

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

*Mir.*³ (*L.*) Thou most lying slave, . . .
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour.

One thing or other:⁴ I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

¹*Caliban rises here and curses him.*

²*Prospero raises his staff and Caliban falls prostrate and stubbornly refuses to budge. He rolls over on the ground at Prospero's feet.*

³*Prospero lifts his hand and points off L, he holds this position till Caliban moves; Caliban crosses sulkily and makes movement of hate toward Miranda; she quickly runs to Prospero, who has crossed a little to R C.*

⁴*Caliban perches on to L rock to speak the lines; Prospero and Miranda have gone toward cave at R; Caliban gets off rock, takes up a large stone or rock; hurls it at Prospero, who turns, lifts hand, and the rock shatters into powder at his feet. This is effective if the property rock is good. As he goes off — crawling, the music begins off L.*

⁵*There should be a chorus behind at different points of the stage, as if the spirits were calling to each other. The bells should be tolled opposite, both sides of stage.*

⁶*Ferdinand comes in as being impelled by some secret force, Ariel beckoning and leading him. He looks about and listens, coming slowly down the rough steps C. Prospero and Miranda stand at cave R. Prospero causes Miranda's eyes to close so that she does not see Ferdinand till Prospero wills it so.*

THE TEMPEST

*Cal.*¹ *C.* You taught me language; and my
profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
you
For learning me your language!

Pros. C. (*over him.*) Hag-seed, hence!²
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou,
malice?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.³

*Cal.*⁴ (*cowering.*) No, pray thee
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence!

[*Exit Caliban* ∩]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;*⁵
*FERDINAND*⁶ *following from C.*

ARIEL'S song

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,

¹*He sits on the L rock.*

²*Ariel sings this ditty right in his ear.*

THE TEMPEST

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!

[*Burthen, dispersedly, within.*] Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark:

[*Burthen, etc.*] Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' th' air
or th' earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island.¹ Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings*²

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.



¹Ariel is up L C on the centre rocks,—highly delighted with the results. Prospero up stage (L C) speaks to him. Ferdinand has turned L; he stops and sees Miranda R. He pauses, thinking they are spirits.

THE TEMPEST

Fer. I hear it now above me.

[*Rises, goes L.*

Pros. C. The fringed curtains of thine eye
advance

And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. R. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.

Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack; he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. (still R.) I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. C. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. L.¹ Most sure, the goddess

On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give

¹Prospero goes up on to platform; Ariel goes up to him. He watches the scene, highly amused and gratified.

THE TEMPEST

How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no? (*Crosses to L C.*)

Mir. (*crosses to R C*). No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

*Pros.*¹ (*up C to R*). How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee?

Fer. L C. A single thing, as I am now, that
wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: myself am
Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.

Mir. R C. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

Pros. (*up C on bank*). [*Aside.*] The Duke of
Milan
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

¹*Prospero comes down to C; Ariel remains on bank up L.*

²*Miranda goes a little R (aside).*

³*Prospero assumes all his dignity here; he has his magic robe and staff.*

THE TEMPEST

If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,¹
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word,
good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word.

*Mir.*² Why speaks my father so ungently?
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. L C. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

*Pros.*³ *C.* Soft, sir! one word more.
One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a *spy*, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. (protesting). No, as I am a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

¹*Prospero speaks first to Ferdinand, then to Miranda, who both think he is very serious in the business.*

²*Ferdinand rushes up to him with drawn sword at L C. Prospero stops him C. Miranda is terrified R. Ariel watches from up bank L. Ferdinand's arm is powerless; it slowly drops with sword. Do not drop sword on ground.*

³*Ariel comes down from bank to Prospero up C; they go apart to up R C.*

THE TEMPEST

*Pros.*¹ (*to Ferdinand*). Follow me.
(*To Miranda*.) Speak not you for him; he's a
traitor. Come;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink. Follow.

*Fer.*² No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Fer. (*stunned L C*). So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!³ [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. (*crosses to C.*) Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,

*¹Prospero speaks to Ferdinand then to Miranda.
Ferdinand is still spellbound.*

Music at end of scene. Interval if desired.

THE TEMPEST

Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him. (*Crosses to R.*)

Pros. (*up R C*). [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be
as free

As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. (*flying to L bank*). To the syllable.

*Pros.*¹ [*To Mir. R and Fer. L C.*] Come,
follow (*C*). Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

(*Prospero leads off Miranda R. Ferdinand
follows slowly.*)

¹The lights a little lower.

¹This scene can be the same, or a wooded dell with large tree C; banks or tree stumps R and L. As scene opens Alonso is led by Gonzalo from up L to down R; Alonso sits on tree stump R C; Gonzalo stands R C. Sebastian and Antonio go down L; Fabian, Francisco and others up R and L.

ACT II

SCENE I.¹ *Another part of the island*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have
cause,
So have we all, of joy;
Is much beyond our loss: then wisely, good sir,
weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. R C. Prithee, peace.

Seb. L. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. L C. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Gon. R C. (looking around). Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

*¹Alonso rises kneels and is quite overcome.
Gonzalo lifts him to the seat R C again.*

THE TEMPEST

Cal. How lush and lusty the grass looks!
how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny

Seb. With a tinge of green in 't

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth
tota

m. But the rarity of it is, which in-
deed almost beyond credit,

As many vouch'd rarities are.

(R C.) That our garments, being, as they
worn in the sea, hold notwithstanding,
freshness and glosses.

m. Methinks our garments are now as
fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at
the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel
to the King of Tunis.

Seb. L. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we
prosper well in our return.

Alon. (sitting R C). Would I had ne-
ver married my daughter there! for, coming
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too.
Who is so far from Italy remov'd

I ne'er again shall see her.¹ O thou
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange

¹*Sebastian is a light villain of the Iago type.*

²*All these lines must almost run into one another like "concerted" music. Gonzalo speaks, of course, deliberately; the young men are "guying" him.*

THE TEMPEST

Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. (coming down C). Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. (on bank R C). No, no, he's gone.

Seb.¹ L. C. Sir, you may thank yourself
for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Gon. R C. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. (Crosses back to L C.) Very well.

Ant. L. And most chirurgically.

Gon. R C. It is foul weather in us all, good
sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon.² C. Had I plantation of this isle, my
lord,—

¹*These lines are spoken as if one long sentence. Gonzalo speaks as if addressing them all. Sebastian and Antonio to each other.*

²*They bow to each other.*

³*Poor Alonso is tired and distressed over his son. Gonzalo is a dear old gentleman but talkative; he hopes to cheer the King.*

⁴*This naturally sends the two young men into fits of suppressed laughter.*

⁵*Gonzalo gives them a bad knock here, and in his next speech repays them by inferring that they are such bores they can't even keep him awake! He goes behind bank to R; sits down at R of King and sleeps.*

Antonio and Sebastian both sit on bank L and pretend to sleep.

⁶*After a pause a few strains of the air-music. Alonso, when all is quiet, looks around and rises, seeing them all asleep. (Adrian, Francisco, sailors, up stage.)*

THE TEMPEST

*Ant.*¹ He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, ~~what~~ would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

*Seb.*² (*bowing*). God save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. (*still R C*). And — do you mark me,
sir?

*Alon.*³ Prithée, no more: thou dost talk
nothing to me.⁴

*Gon.*⁵ *R C*. I do well believe your highness;
and did it to minister occasion to these gentle-
men, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs
that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

[*Crosses to L C.*

Gon. (*crosses L R.*) Will you laugh me asleep,
for I am very heavy?

*Ant.*⁶ Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish
mine eyes

¹*Sebastian speaking rather startles him.*

²*Alonso goes back to bank R, lays down on it and sleeps.*

(A pause.)

The soft music continues, Ariel with the veil is hovering around at back watching. Sebastian and Alonso speak softly. Ariel sends them all to sleep except Sebastian and Antonio.

³*This speech refers to the unknown spell worked by Ariel.*

⁴*Gonzalo moves in sleep.*

THE TEMPEST

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts:

I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.*¹ (*rises, crosses to L C*). Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. (*crosses L C*). We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

*Alon.*² Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. L. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them.

Ant. L C. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. L. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.*³ *L C.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunderstroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?⁴ No
more: ☹

And yet methinks I see it in thy face.

¹*Antonio is a deep-died villain; Sebastian is an easily led fool. Both the parts should be very well acted, as the scenes are somewhat complicated. They are cut — because too long.*

²*Increase the pace here.*

³*Antonio pauses, looks toward King and Gonzalo, then goes over to R C.*

THE TEMPEST

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks
thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head

Seb. (L). What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

*Ant.*¹ Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather;
wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.*² Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. Thus, sir³:

Although this lord of weak remembrance,— this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd — hath here almost per-
suaded

¹*Crosses back to Sebastian, who has come L C.*

²*Speaks quickly with intention.*

³*Contemptuously.*

⁴*Quickly (work up now to climax).*

⁵*Ariel is hovering in the background.*

THE TEMPEST

The king his son's alive,
'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd¹
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. L C. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant.² C. O, out of that "no hope"
What great hope have you! Will you grant
with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant.³ She that is queen of Tunis; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life?

Seb.⁴ What stuff is this?

'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of
Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples. (*Ariel appears*)

Ant.⁵ O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand
me?

Seb. L C. Methinks I do.

¹*Antonio crosses over, looks at Alonso, and then round to stage at the sleepers, clenches his fists.*

²*Sebastian is dared by Antonio and plucks up courage enough to kill a sleeping King.*

³*Here Ariel (veiled) comes between with hands outspread as if preventing the murder.*

⁴*Ariel goes down R C to Alonso and Gonzalo.*

THE TEMPEST

Ant. C. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. L C. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant.¹ True. (*Ariel moves around*)
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb.² L C. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. (crosses to C). Draw together; (*both*
draw).

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.³

Seb. (quickly). O, but one word.
[*They talk apart up L C.*

ARIEL is now C (invisible).

Ari.⁴ My master through his art foresees
the danger

¹*At the "awake," Gonzalo arouses, jumps up, wakes Alonso, and rushes forward to stop Antonio. In the excitement of the moment he does not see any one very distinctly.*

²*A few peals of thunder are heard occasionally in distance till end of scene.*

³*Please say an earthquake; not a nearthquake.*

THE TEMPEST

That you, his friends, are in; and sends me forth--
For else his project dies — to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:

A wake, awake!

Ant. L C. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. (rushing between). Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [They wake.

Alon. R C. Why, how now? ho, awake!

Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. C. What's the matter?²

Seb. L C. Whiles we stood here securing
your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.²

Alon. R C. I heard nothing.

Ant. L. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's
ear,

To make an earthquake!³ sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

¹*Old Gonzalo is pretty sure there is mischief about, but is not sure exactly where the culprits are. He has his suspicions nevertheless. He says this speech with pauses. It may be some influence over the place, but defence is advisable. Gonzalo is a fine old courtier and soldier.*

²*There is a world of meaning in his words.*

³*Alonso goes off up L, followed by the others; Sebastian and Antonio disappointed that they have so far failed.*

Ariel sweeps around the stage with spreading draperies.

Music to end of scene.

⁴*Caliban comes on up R bearing a large pitch-forked log; he rests his face on the fork, putting end of log on stage.*

THE TEMPEST

Alon. R C. Heard you this, Gonzalo!

Gon.¹ C. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard —
a humming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd,
I sàw — their weàpons dràwn — there wàs a
noisè,

That's verily. 'T is best we stand upon our
guard,

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our
weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search

For my poor son (*going up to L U*).

Gon.² C. Heavens keep him from these
beasts!

For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon.³ Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CALIBAN⁴ with a burthen of wood. A noise
of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up

¹Thunder and lightning.

²Caliban takes off a large ragged cloth he has over him to protect him from the rain and storm, puts it on stage and then rolls up in it, lying flat across C of stage. Trinculo comes on frightened, looking up at sky, does not see Caliban, and falls over his body. Kneels behind his body.

This part can be played with a cold in the head.

THE TEMPEST

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me!
And yet I needs must curse. (*Throws log down
up R.*)

Enter TRINCULO² up L.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm brew-
ing; I hear it sing i' th' wind.

If it should thunder as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish:
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like
smell. A strange fish! Were I in England now,
as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece
of silver: there would this monster make a man;
any strange beast there makes a man: when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beg-

¹*They roll over together inside the cloak — Trinculo rolls Caliban out toward front of stage to open out the cloak; he gets to the upper side and they roll in together, only their heads and feet being seen — Trinculo's head R; Caliban's head L. A slight pause, then, Stephano enters, dancing, rolling around, and singing. He must only be very little drunk. Shakespeare's drunkards are amusing, but inoffensive as far as drunkards can be.*

²*Hiccoughs.*



Trinculo

THE TEMPEST

gar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.
Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm
o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion;
hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander,
that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
[*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again!
my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;
There is no other shelter hereabout: misery
acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.¹

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral²: well, here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

(*Sings.*)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Lov'd Moll, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

.

Then to sea, boys and let her go hang!

¹*Hiccoughs.*

²*Caliban begins wagging his feet backward and forward — wriggles. Trinculo wags his legs forward and backward so that they look like a large crab.*

³*Directly Stephano sees the Big Fish he has the staggers and can't be sure if he is sober or not.*

⁴*Hiccough.*

⁵*Stephano stands right over the Fish with his blackjack in hand.*

⁶*Hiccough.*

THE TEMPEST

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.¹

[*Drinks.*

*Cal. L.*² Do not torment me: Oh!

*Ste.*³ What's the matter? Have we devils here?⁴ (*Hiccough.*) Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afeard now of your *four legs*.

Cal. C. (*kicking*). The spirit torments me; Oh!

*Ste.*⁵ This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

Cal. (*kicking*). Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle⁶: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for

¹Stephano goes L to Caliban's mouth, kneels, presents bottle; Caliban simply gulps at the liquor, which he has never tasted before.

²Trinculo looks up timidly, sees Stephano and kicks his legs about violently, also wriggling his body.

³Caliban drinks again.

⁴Stephano takes bottle round behind them to Trinculo's mouth.

⁵Trinculo shouts for joy. He thought Stephano was drowned.

⁶Stephano is scared; he thought Trinculo was drowned.

⁷Trinculo wont let him go and catches him by the leg.

THE TEMPEST

him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. (kicking). Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon,
I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

*Ste.*¹ Come on your ways; open your mouth;
(*drinks*) you cannot tell who's your friend:
open your chaps again. [*Drinks.*

*Trin.*² I should know that voice: it should be -- but he is drown'd; and these are devils:
O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come.³
Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.⁴

*Trin.*⁵ Stephano!

*Ste.*⁶ Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster.

*Trin.*⁷ Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo — be not afeard — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's

¹*Stephano takes Trinculo's legs L and pulls him to L.*

At the same time Caliban pulls himself across to R.

²*Trinculo gets up.*

³*Trinculo dances Stephano round with great glee.*

⁴*Caliban sits on rock.*

⁵*Caliban is hugely amused sitting on rock or seat R.*

⁶*Caliban prostrates himself to Stephano, who is L C.*

⁷*Hiccough.*

THE TEMPEST

legs, these are they.¹ Thou art very Trinculo indeed!²

Trin. L. C. I took him to be kill'd with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drown'd. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neopolitans 'scap'd!³

Ste. L. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.⁴

Cal.⁵ [Aside.] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites
That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him. (*Kneels C to Stephano.*)

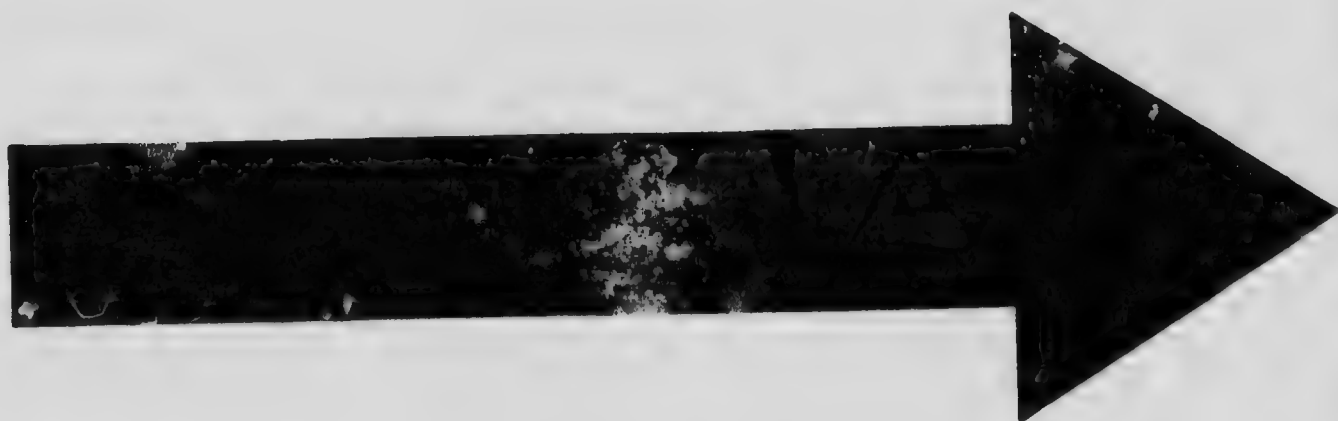
Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heav'd o'erboard, by this bottle.

Cal. C.⁶ I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. L. C. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book.⁷ Though thou



¹*Caliban is prostrating himself and making a hideous moan to attract attention.*

²*Hiccough.*

³*An attitude of worship, kissing Stephano's foot.*

⁴*Goes over R clenching fists.*

⁵*Hiccoughs.*

⁶*Caliban falls at his feet.*

THE TEMPEST

canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. L. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. L C. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid.¹

How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. C. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. L C. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee²: I was the man i' th' moon when time was.

Cal. C. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; And I will kiss thy foot.³ I prithee, be my god.

Trin. L. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. C. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.⁴

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Ste. L C. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here:⁵ here! bear my bottle⁶: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*¹They all dance and go off singing up R.
Interval*

THE TEMPEST

Cal. C. [*Sings drunkenly and dances in a circle.*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring:

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban

Has a new master: get a new man.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

¹*This can be the same scene, or go back to scene I, making the last scene the end of an Act.*

²*He puts down the logs L C, or one big log just behind the seat L C.*

ACT III

SCENE I.¹ *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log from L.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour

Dèlight in thè m sets òff: This mý mean tàsk
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labours pleasures:

I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction²: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours,

Most busy lest, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen off L.*

¹*Miranda can be dressed in white all through this play, a plain crepe or cashmere with some seashell trimming round the neck, elbow, and lower dress. A little circlet of wild flowers each time except in first scene, where she should have a veil and her hair loose, as if it had been blown about. She can have in the next scene an overcoat or dalmatic of light blue. Her clothes must look as if the fabrics had come from Italy years ago and had been made up by herself, as there are no fashionable dressmakers on the island; no notion, please, of a hobble skirt or any such abominations.*

²*Ferdinand should have a sort of loose-working tunic and perhaps some animal skins. He must be a goodly youth in looks and disposition.*

THE TEMPEST

Mir. (R coming to R C). Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you:
My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. (L C crosses to C.) O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I am bound to do.

Mir.¹ R C. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile. (*Crosses to C.*)

Fer.² L C. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. R C. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
You look wearily.

Fer. L C. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh
morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you —

¹*This exquisite scene --a gem amongst many -- must be played absolutely simply. They should be boy and girl and one word of affectation or stage trickery will spoil it. Please see that neither are made up like Dutch dolls with painted lips to distort the expression or woolly wigs to look like the present fashionable doggies.*

²*This is the only thing that might not please Miranda; she has not yet realized her own royal estate: she could not think her father was a King.*

THE TEMPEST

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name?

Mir. R C. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer.¹ Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. (dreamily). I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer.² L C. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak:

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

¹*She just hides her face; possibly it is blushing, not weeping.*

²*She puts her hand on his shoulder.*

³*He rises.*

⁴*Miranda rises, gives her hand, he kisses it. Slight pause. He looks at her; then quietly draws her to him and kisses her forehead with great reverence.*

THE TEMPEST

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. C. O heaven, O earth, bear witness of
this sound

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mir.*¹ *R* (*sits*). I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow.
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever. [*He kneels R C.*

*Mir.*² (*still seated*). My husband, then?

Fer. C. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom;³ here's my hand.

*Mir.*⁴ And mine, with my heart in 't: (*kiss*)
and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

[*She goes up R, waves a farewell and off up R.*

¹*Ferdinand with a great big exclamation of joy takes up the logs and strides off to pile the "thousand thousand!" He can go off down R or up R whichever is convenient.*

A little music toward the end of this scene is allowable — harp if possible and very, very soft.

²*They roll on still singing Ban, Ban, Caliban.*

Stephan goes down L.

Trinculo goes down R.

Caliban goes down C.

³*They all join arms here and stagger.*

⁴*Caliban kneels to Stephano.*

THE TEMPEST

*Fer.*¹ A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island (or
the same)*

*Enter*² TRINCULO, STEPHANO, and CALIBAN,
from L

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before. Servant-
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this
island! They say there's but five upon this
isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be
brain'd like us, *the state totters.*³

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. R C. Where should they be set else?
he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
in his tail.

Cal. C. I'll not serve him; he's not valiant.
Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to
the suit I made to thee?⁴

Ste. L C. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat
it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

¹*Ariel comes between Caliban and Trinculo, imitating Trinculo's voice.*

²*Caliban hits Trinculo, who weeps and runs away R, Caliban following to R.*

³*Caliban gets on to bank R; Trinculo up L C.*

⁴*Skulks up stage, gradually working down to R again.*

⁵*Caliban comes down again to R C.*

THE TEMPEST

Enter¹ ARIEL, invisible with veil.

Cal. C. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. C. Thou liest.

Cal.² C. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:

I would my valiant master would destroy thee!

³I do not lie.

Ste. L C. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin.⁴ up L C. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal.⁵ I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, — for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not.

[Pointing to Trinculo R.]

Ste. L C. That's most certain.

Cal. C. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. L C. How now shall this be compass'd? Can'st thou bring me to the party?

¹Ariel again shouts in his ear. Caliban again chases Trinculo, who runs away to the opposite side of stage down L.

²Ariel comes down between Stephano and Trinculo; imitates Trinculo again; Stephano beats him up and down L; Caliban jumps onto the bank R, roaring with laughter and delight.

³Stephano still threatens Trinculo.

⁴Caliban comes forward again C, gives all this speech with action; at the end he waits for Stephano's decision.

THE TEMPEST

Cal. C. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him
thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.*¹ Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy
patch!

Ste. L C. Trinculo, run into no further
danger: interrupt the monster one word further,
and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o'
doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. L. Why, what did I? I did nothing.
I'll go farther off. (*He gets into the extreme corner.*)

Ste. L C. Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.*² Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that, [*Beats Trin.*]

Cal. R. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. L C. Stand farther.³ Come, proceed.

*Cal.*⁴ Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain
him,

Having first seiz'd his books, for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.

¹*After a pause of deliberation Stephano delivers himself with great ceremony of this speech, Trinculo and Stephano bowing to each other. They strut about as if already crowned.*

²*Caliban is so delighted that he begins dancing around C to L and R.*

This scene should be made funny, but not in any way unpleasant or vulgar.

³*This is an old catch. After the third round is over, Caliban suddenly stops and shouts. There is a break, and the pipe of Ariel is heard. In case of ample stage space Ariel can be seen dancing across at the back of the stage (on platform if possible), drumming the tabor and playing the pipe; he is, of course, invisible. (With veil.)*

⁴*Stephano and Trinculo are transfixed with terror; they shriek, quake and fall on their knees.*

⁵*Quaking each time they speak.*

THE TEMPEST

¹*Ste.* Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen — save our graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent. (*Dancing around over L.*)

Ari. This will I tell my master. (*Flies off up L.*)

*Cal.*² *C.* Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste.*³ At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings and dances.*]

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

(*Trinculo sings and dances.*)

(*Caliban sings and dances, suddenly breaking off.*)

*Cal.*⁴ That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

*Ste.*⁵ What is this same? (*Looking up.*)

*Trin.*⁵ This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

*Ste.*⁵ If thou be'st a man, show thyself in

¹*Caliban says this seriously and with almost human feeling. It is his one moment.*

²*A slight pause or the audience may laugh too soon.*

Note.—An actor must always be careful not to cause a laugh too suddenly on the end of a fine serious speech like the foregoing.

³*With all his old hate.*

⁴*Ariel's pipe is heard very faintly. Trinculo goes very cautiously up R, looking off. Caliban goes up, growls, throws him round to L C, where he bumps against friend Stephano, who kicks him and throws him across to L. Caliban puts out his arms and Stephano and he go off very affectionately. The beast loves the man who feeds him.*

There is no need of a change of scene.

THE TEMPEST

any likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. C. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No monster, not I.

Cal.¹ C. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cri'd to dream again.

[Ariel slowly goes off with pipe up R.]

Ste.² This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal.³ When Prospero is destroy'd.

Trin.⁴ The sound is going away; let's follow
it, and after do our work.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt up R.]

¹Alonso leads Gonzalo this time; places him R. The others follow at intervals and place themselves much as they did in previous scene, remaining up stage till they speak.

²These two remain up L, whilst Alonso is attending to Gonzalo, assisted by Francisco and Adrian. The old man is very much overcome with fatigue and grief.

³Here is one of the places where Shakespeare gives explicit direction for the music. In this particular instance, although it may have to be played in an "orchestra," it must appear and sound to be mysterious.

Notes below refer to matter marked * on p. 101.

Note.—In writing of music I should like to say that if this play is given in what is called the "Elizabethan" style it is advisable to have the musicians costumed so that they may occasionally be seen upon the stage, such as in the "masque" scene of this play later on. Otherwise musicians can be behind the stage and in ordinary representations in the usual place. Please ask them not to scrape, tune up, or practise during the scenes.

Note.—This dance is one of the few stage directions given by Shakespeare. It is so instruc-

THE TEMPEST

SCENE III. *Another part of the island (or same).*

*Enter*¹ ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others from L

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir.
(*Crosses to R.*)

My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your
patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. R C. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

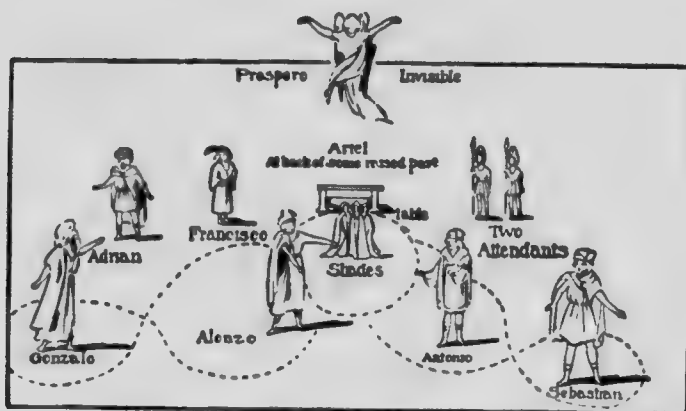
Ant.² L C. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad
that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. L. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant.² [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they

tive that nothing need be added. It tells all that is necessary. The "Shapes" can be dressed in very dark long gowns to cover the actor entirely: dark reds, greens, purples, blues, browns, grays, and black, with heads on if desired, otherwise with veils which are possibly more mysterious and picturesque.



The disposition of characters during the "Shapes" scene

The "Shapes" dance all round to as many people as are on the stage; then in circles, all kneeling and looking at Ariel, who is all in red, with sticks fastened into red gauze to look like wings.

THE TEMPEST

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no
more.

[*Solemn and strange music.**]

Alon. What harmony is this? My good
friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these?

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe
me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders —
For, certes, these are people of the island —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generations you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

The music and motion should be as rapid as possible. It should all resemble a windstorm.

It can be a set dance or merely quick movement; it depends on your resources.

¹*Dialogue very rapid here.*

²*If a "scenery" production, let the stage be quite dark here.*

In "Elizabethan" do not bother to alter lights.

Night is represented sometimes by placing lanterns at the front of the stage or by lanterns carried, candles, torches, etc., but in Shakespeare's time they rarely bothered about such things.

Public plays were acted in the daytime generally from 2 to 5.

Private performances were given in halls such as Whitehall, Lambeth Palace, Greenwich, and Hampton, Windsor, Wilton, Warwick, Penshurst, Dublin Castle, Holyrood, etc.

³*In the absence of the quaint mechanism for the vanishing banquet in the darkness of the stage the "Shapes" are dancing in front and should all hold up their veils in front so that the table can be quickly run off; the same in daylight.*

THE TEMPEST

Pros. [*Aside*]. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
 present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound,
expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. up C. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.

Fran. R. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. L. (*very quickly*). No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

[Crosses to L C.

*Alon.*¹ I will stand to and feed,
Although my last:
Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.²

Thunder and lightning.³ Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny

¹*A slight pause. Ariel laughs. They all make a threatening movement up stage — drawing swords — although they do not see — they only hear — a presence.*

²*Ariel points his veiled hand at Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian.*

³*Ariel raises slowly his veiled hand, making the "incantation" very impressive and serious right to the end — on the scenic stage let him disappear in a flash!*

THE TEMPEST

That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;¹
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate:
But remember —

For that's my business to you²— that you
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child:

Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death³
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
from —

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads — is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music,
enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks
and mows, and carrying out the table.*

¹If there is a curtain this should end the first part.

Sebastian and Antonio stand making a picture of revenge, Prospero laughing up stage, with Ariel; thunder, lightning, and distant shrieks and laughs of the "Shapes," who can, if desired, return and have a joyful dance of the victory of the elements over the villainy of mortals!

Curtain. An interval.

It is always advisable to have one, two, or even three intervals.

THE TEMPEST

Gon. R. I' the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. C. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded.

[Exit up L, followed by others.]

*Seb.*¹ But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

¹*This can be the same as Scene I. It is all calm and peaceful and wants to feel and look that way. A soft late afternoon colour prevails. The characters can enter or they can be discovered.*

²*Never father spoke more beautifully of a daughter, few daughters have deserved more, few lovers passed through so fine a test.*

Audiences in Shakespeare's time had little regard for lapses of time. All this must really have taken place in one morning, yet it seems a year's elapse, the events are so cumulative.

ACT IV

SCENE I.¹ *Before PROSPERO's cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

*Pros.*² If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
[They go to bank L C.]

¹*Ariel speaks this as quickly as he flies.*

²*Ariel pleads so beautifully that the old magician King (Shakespeare) cannot resist drawing him to his heart. Ariel is the spirit of Liberty, Poetry. Imagination, Drama, Music, Invention, Adventure, all of which we know flew over the world after this wonderful age. Shakespeare had reached the climax of his powers, possibly the summit of his hopes. His last play seems almost an inspired prophecy, the dawn of new life and new lands.*

³*Prospero goes down C, makes two or three passes with his wand, then goes on bank and summons Ariel.*

THE TEMPEST

Enter ARIEL from R.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give the power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari.

Presently?

Pros. C. Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.*¹ *R C.* Before you can say "come" and
"go,"

And breathe twice and cry "so,
so,"

Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

*Pros.*² Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not
approach

Till thou dost hear me call.³

[Ariel flies off up R.]

¹*A group of young people dance in, dressed in airy garb, representing flowers, dews, clouds, rainbows, etc.; mostly purples: grays, blues.*

²*Iris spreads her rainbow draperies.*

³*Ceres is accompanied by young people in yellows, browns, reds.*

THE TEMPEST

Pros. Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*]

Enter IRIS.¹ from R U, or the cave.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, yetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;
Thy banks with pioned and liliated brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns — the
queen o' th' sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,²
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace,
Here on th' grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. (*Goes
down R.*)

Enter CERES from R U,³ or the cave.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that
ne'er

Juno is a Queen and is accompanied by young people in white and light blue.

Note: This "masque" must, of course, be specially arranged. It should have as its leading motif — a "harvest festival." It is introduced in imitation of the court masques and pageants so prevalent at this time. Iris is a rainbow, Ceres a cornfield, Juno a queen.

The groups of children can dance up and down the stage all the time in front of the goddesses. They can come from the cave or from behind it, led by Ariel. Miranda and Ferdinand sit on bank L. Prospero is above, highly delighted. There are several settings of this music.

THE TEMPEST

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers¹
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO¹ up R.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go
with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous
be
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,

¹At the end of the masque Prospero comes down from the platform; he has evidently seen in the distance Caliban and his friends.

THE TEMPEST

Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art I
have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; toward the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they quickly vanish.

*Pros.*¹ [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. (*Rises.*)

¹He goes down and paces up and down and to and fro R to C, C to R. He pauses then speaks up C.

²Ferdinand and Miranda go across to R, then bow to Prospero and exit R to cave.

THE TEMPEST

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. (*Rises.*) Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pros.^a You do look, my son, in a mov'd
sort,
As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are — such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep: a turn or two I'll
walk,
To still my beating mind.

*Fer. Mir.*² We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
Ariel: come.

¹*Ariel goes down R C.*

²*One sometimes wonders if the dramatist had some secret enemy who had saddened his closing career. Caliban is possibly the personification of Shakespeare's own worser nature.*

³*Ariel puts the robes, etc., on the rock R of stage; it means that Ariel was to hang on them this clothing.*

THE TEMPEST

Enter ARIEL from up R on platform.

Ari. R. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.*¹ Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit to cave.*]

*Pros.*² A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stic'; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL,*³ *loaden with glittering apparel, etc. R.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible up R.

¹*Caliban proves his cowardice in almost every line and movement.*

²*He cowers and hides behind the rocks, pushing the others forward.*

³*He grovels at Stephano's feet. Trinculo and Stephano dress up.*

THE TEMPEST

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
from L.*

*Cal.*¹ Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
play'd the Jack with us.

*Cal.*² *L C.* Prithee, my king, be quiet.
See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this
island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Ste. L.*³ Give me thy hand. I do begin to
have bloody thoughts.

Trin. R. O king Stephano! O peer! O
worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here
is for thee! (*Stephano crosses to R C.*)

Cal. L C. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but
trash.

Trin. R. O, ho, monster! we know what
belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

¹*Trinculo crosses to Caliban L and puts some trumpery on*

²*The Shapes reappear; four of them jump on the three villains; they all go off roaring and barking. Prospero and Ariel stand laughing up R; Prospero comes down stage C.*

All this has really happened during the actual progress of the play, which some of our modern commentators say is Greek and correct. They call it now the unities of time and place.

THE TEMPEST

Ste. (*Crosses to R.*) Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.*¹ Thy grace shall have it. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Ste. Go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,*²
in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about,
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

(Pause to let noise die away.)

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my
lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pros.

I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari.

Confin'd together

THE TEMPEST

In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir, but
chiefly

Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord,
Gonzalo";

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. C. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. R C. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. C. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

Go release them, Ariel:

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

[*Exit up R.*]

Pros. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, I'll break my staff,

¹*Solemn music played from behind.*

²*Prospero here makes motions with his staff, making circles on the sand, etc. Alonso leads, and with Gonzalo goes across to R; Antonio and Sebastian go down L; the others up L.*

This business of the spell must be done very carefully or it is apt to appear comical. Shakespeare's own stage direction is so illuminating and instructive. Gonzalo kneels, as if by magic. If possible the lights of the stage should be dimmed so as to represent a late afternoon almost evening.

Note.—The musical setting can be taken from Chappell's book of old music, or Bishop or Sullivan.

THE TEMPEST

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.¹

*Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBAS-
TIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended
by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the
circle which PROSPERO² had made, and there
stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing,
speaks:*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd. (*They all stand in
their places.*)

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,

¹*At the end of the song Prospero is fully garbed;
a bright light shines on crown, sceptre, and robes.*

THE TEMPEST

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

· ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.*¹ Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
Behold, sir king (*revealing himself*),
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
[The spell is removed.]
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. R C. Whether thou be'st he or no,
I not know: thy pulse beats as of flesh and
blood;

*¹Alonso would kneel; Prospero prevents it;
Gonzalo remains kneeling R.*

²Prospero raises the old man, embracing him.

THE TEMPEST

Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.¹ But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here?

*Pros.*² (*Crosses to Gonzalo*). First, noble
friend,

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!

[*Crosses to C.*

Asi . . . Seb. and Ant.] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. L C. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. C. No.

Alon. R C. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, where I have lost
My dear son Ferdinand.

¹Prospero here is jesting.

THE TEMPEST

Pros. C. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros.¹ C. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. R C. You the like loss!
(*Prospero is now preparing to s'w him a miracle.*)

Pros. As great to me as late; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. R C. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there!
When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest. But, howsoe'er
you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was
landed,
To be the lord on 't. Welcome, sir;

¹*Alonso crosses up to C and looks in at the cave. His speeches are all rapturous. This situation should be made very effective; fine acting is required in the part of Alonso.*

²*Ferdinand rushes out of the cave and falls at his father's feet.*

THE TEMPEST

This cell's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.¹
FERDINAND and MIRANDA are seen within cave.

They should be playing some game, chess probably.

Alon. If this prove

(Crosses up to C.)

A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. L. A most high miracle!

*Fer.*² Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful;

I have curs'd them without cause. *[Kneels.*

Alon. C. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. (who is down R C). O, wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world

That has such people in 't!

Pros. 'T is new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;

But by immortal Providence she's mine:

*¹Stephano R, Trinculo L, and Caliban C, go
down stage; they all kneel in front.*

THE TEMPEST

I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Re-enter ARIEL up R.

Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. C. Bravely, my diligence.

Alon. R. C. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me
your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. R. Be it so! Amen!

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Set Caliban and his
companions free;

Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO
and TRINCULO,¹ in their stolen apparel
from L.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let

¹Caliban is crouching on ground at Prospero's feet.

²Caliban to the last feigns a love for Prospero. Directly Prospero turns away he scowls and goes down to Stephano and seizes him, driving him off up R.

THE TEMPEST

no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos. How fine my master is!

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler. And Trinculo is reeling ripe:
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Pros. C. You 'ld be king o' th' isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. *[Pointing to Caliban.¹*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. C. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise
hereafter

And seek for grace.² What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

[Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.]

¹*Be careful of this strange scanning.*

²*They all go off into the cave; Alonso, Miranda and Ferdinand, then Gonzalo off to R; the others pass at the back to R. Ariel watches from the platform and rushes down to Prospero with his book.*

Note. — Ariel, Chick, means "fly away!" The Spirit of the arts is freed. Prospero throws his book into the water (not the River Wye), but the Spirit has caught all his mind and art. It is free to go over the world with it.

THE TEMPEST

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belovèd solèmnizèd¹;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My
Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements!
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt*

No one is left on the land but Caliban.



